

Within His Embrace

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Within His Embrace

Last night I had one of those moods of "I feel like total shit" wash over me out of nowhere. And usually when this happens I tend to write comfort-fic in my head as I go to sleep.

This is what my brain came up with, and I decided to write it down and share it.

Hope you enjoy it.

It's slightly angsty, but ends with fluff! I promise!

**(possible trigger - there are mentions of kidnapping and torture but NO DESCRIPTIONS!)

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><p>Within His Embrace<p>

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><p>Molly woke up screaming his name, the name of the only man she truly trusted. Her body was coated in a sheen of sweat, her heart like a racehorse captured within her chest, and her eyes brimming with tears. She sat up, clutching at the blanket as the sound of footsteps running up the stairs reached her ears.<p>

But she wasn't frightened, not in the slightest; she knew whose footsteps those were. And within a matter of seconds she was being held within the warm embrace of the only man who could calm her

down.

"Shhhh ... it's all right Molly. I'm here. You're safe now," Sherlock murmured to her in a soothing tone.

His words broke the dam within her, and like a waterfall her tears flowed out. She sobbed into his chest as he continued to hold her, knowing that it was best to let her have her cry.

For three weeks now she had been living in Baker Street; ever since she had been rescued by Sherlock after having been kidnapped by the Fauxriarty, Sebastian Moran. She hadn't been tortured or beaten, not physically at least, it was mentally that he had hurt her; repeatedly trying to fill her head with lies and terrible things. He had taken her as a bargaining chip; a case of 'Give me what I want, or the bitch dies.' But what Moran didn't understand was that no one, NO ONE, messed with Sherlock Holmes' pathologist. Moran had made a terrible mistake, and he learned that very quickly.

Now that Moran was gone, Sherlock had managed to convince Molly to move in with him. He didn't like the idea of her staying alone in her flat, and since he had the spare room he had offered it to her. At first she had refused, but Sherlock quickly managed to convince her that it was for the best. She could see that he was worried for her. And he was, he was worried of the mental repercussions of what Moran had done to her.

Her first night in Baker Street was when the nightmares began. She would wake up screaming, cry as Sherlock held her, but would never tell him what she dreamt. He'd continue to hold her until she would fell back to sleep, then he would leave her and return downstairs, even though he didn't want to.

But tonight, tonight something was different. She was more shaken than usual; it took her longer to calm down, longer to stop crying. By the time that she did, and had fallen asleep in his arms exhausted, his back was aching slightly from the angle he had been sitting.

For a minute he considered lying down beside her, not wanting to leave her, but then realized that that would be ridiculous because the bed was far too small for the both of them. So, he gently scooped her into his arms and carried her downstairs into his room. He did briefly wonder if when she woke up that the new surroundings would disorient and further upset her. But then he considered the fact that he would be there with her, to help calm her and reassure her.

Settling her onto the bed, he covered her with the sheet and blanket before walking around to the other side and slipping beneath the covers. Tucking her close against him, with his arms around her, he buried his nose in her hair and closed his eyes. He hadn't expected to fall asleep, but she felt so warm in his arms, and the sound of her quiet breathing managed to lull him into a gentle slumber.

An hour later Molly woke with a jolt, momentarily feeling frightened before a wave of tranquility washed over her. She was encased in a cocoon of warmth and safety. Sighing quietly she moved to burrow deeper into the cocoon only to realize she wasn't lying in her bed. Well, technically it wasn't her bed, it was John's old one, but

still, this was not the bed she had been sleeping in for the past three weeks. Bitter cold fear soared through her veins. Where was she? And why, in spite of her unknown surroundings did she feel ... safe?

As she shifted slightly a familiar scent flooded her olfactory receptors. She now knew where she was, and she now knew in whose embrace she was finding her comfort. But surely he didn't realize he was holding her so tightly? The fear was gone now, only to be replaced with an onslaught of embarrassment. If he was to wake, wouldn't he be horrified and push her away? It was one thing to hold her after one of her nightmares, but it was another thing to hold her as he slept. She gently and slowly tried to release herself from his hold, only to find that his arms about her tightened. Her eyes widened, and grew even wider as he murmured a single word to her.

"Don't."

Her entire body froze, uncertain if she had understood correctly. Perhaps she was still asleep and this was all but a dream? She tried to remove herself once more, but this time his hands splayed across her lower back, pressing her to him.

"You heard me," his deep baritone rang out, deeper than usual due to having just woken up.

Instead of fighting it, she accepted it and laid her head back down once more upon his chest. She didn't want to think that she could feel his lips smiling against her forehead as he pressed a kiss there, but a part of her mind refused to let her.

"You're safe. Go back to sleep," his voice rumbled in his chest, below her ear.

Draping an arm across him, and with the other her palm pressing against his t-shirt, she allowed her eyes to fall closed, and to be pulled once more into the depths of dreamland.

They slept until the early morning light began to slowly fill the room. Sherlock was the first to wake, never having felt quite so refreshed. Molly shifted slightly, making a quiet noise, but her eyes didn't open, nor did the sound of her slow breathing change. He gently moved his hand up and down her back, pondering over the fact that he had had no idea that the presence of another body pressed against his could make him feel so relaxed. Molly shifted again, murmuring something that he couldn't quite make out. When he felt, more-so than heard her long, happy sigh, he knew she was awake.

"Molly?"

"Mmmm..."

"Slept well?"

She pressed her face into his chest, letting out another affirmative hum.

"Perhaps you should sleep in my bed from now on," he stated.

Ever so slowly she tilted her head back, her large brown eyes peering up at him. "You want that?" Her words came out as a faint squeak.

He smiled, before clasping her beneath the elbows and tugging her upwards until her face was hovering directly above his. "I do." His hands returned to the small of her back.

She swallowed thickly, her eyes blinking rapidly. "Sherlock." His name came out as no more than a whisper.

He waited, not wanting to do anything else until she had given him her affirmation. After a smattering of seconds, which felt like a lifetime to him, she gave a tiny nod. His hand, which had been resting upon her lower back, began to move upwards and did not stop until it reached the back of her head. They stared into each others eyes for several more moments until she dipped her head to the side. Sherlock guided her down to him, and their lips met.

It was as if both fire and ice had coursed through his veins. There was an onslaught of sensations, almost too much for his all-encompassing brain to handle. Then suddenly, there was silence, blissful silence, leaving him with only her. _His Molly._

The kiss deepened as he moved her onto her back, and she pulled him down closer to her, until there was no space whatsoever between them. When her hands moved to his hair, her fingers running through the curls, he groaned against her lips. It was then that they parted, both of them desperate for air. But he didn't pull away; he kept himself close, his forehead pressed against her neck, his hot breath hitting her skin in tiny puffs. Her arms were clasped about his shoulders, one of her legs hooked over his, almost as if she was afraid he would disappear.

"Sherlock?" Once more, his name was spoken as only a mere whisper.

He raised his head, looking at her.

"Help me to heal."

He kissed her, sweetly, gently. "I have every intention of doing so," he told her, before kissing her once more.

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**Yeah ... you probably hate me for ending it there don't you? Sorry!
It's what my brain gave me :-P **

**Please leave a review, they make me so happy :) **

**Also, don't forget to come find me on tumblr at Sherlockian87 !
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End
file.